

Red Jacket Pumps.

We have these Pumps for deep and shallow wells in three different styles and prices. Galvanized pipe for pumps cut and made to any length required.

J. H. PHINNEY, Telephone No. 497

PRINTED STATIONERY.

It is as important that you use neatly printed stationery as it is that you dress well. Many People with whom you correspond judge you by the business paper you use.

WE HAVE THE MOST CORRECT STYLES.

The Advocate Publishing Company,

NEWCASTLE

N B

Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS ADV?

It is only a notice that I have opened a shop where you can get your clothes cleaned, pressed and repaired; but it is just what you have been wanting; for you can get your work done right and will not be kept waiting unnecessarily. Leave your orders at the Pleasant Street shop.

O. A. COTO

FLYNN BUILDING

PLEASANT STREET

St. John Exhibition

MAKE YOUR PLANS

Those who intend to visit the St. John Exhibition, September 12-19, should make their plans now. Don't wait a month, a week, or even a day longer.

EARLY ENTRIES

Are an advantage, besides costing less than when made later—Read the Prize List, that's official—if you have not seen one, send for it to

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager.

23 King St., St. John, N. B.



Think of little, thin squares, sweet as honey, and coated with purest of smooth, rich chocolate, and you'll have a slight idea of the delicious confection known as Moir's Chocolate Chips. Buy a box and introduce yourself to them in reality.

MOIR, Limited, Halifax, N.S.

Chocolate Chips

It looks as if there might be strain on relations between His Honor the Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick and his executive council.

GEORGE PETTIBONE DEAD.

Death Hastened By Long Illegal Imprisonment.

DENVER Monday—George Pettibone for years prominent in the councils of the Western Federation of Miners and who was tried and acquitted on a charge of complicity in the murder of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, died at St. Joseph's Hospital tonight of the effects of an operation for cancer.

The sixty-third annual meeting of the Baptist convention of the Maritime Provinces will be opened at 10 a. m. on the morning of August 22nd at the German street Baptist church, St. John. Rev. W. N. Hutchinson, M. A., B. D., president of the convention for 1907-8, will preside. The convention has been known for the past few years and will be known this year as the United Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces. Upwards of 300 delegates are expected to be present and in the vicinity of 110 will be represented. Three sessions will be held each day from the 22nd to the 25th when the convention will close.

TERRIFIC ELECTRIC STORM AT BELLEVILLE.

BELLEVILLE Wednesday—An electric storm which raged here last night was about the worst in the memory of any citizen. For fully three hours thunder and lightning was continuous and rain fell at time in torrents. A good deal of damage was done to the crops. Lightning struck the house of Geo. Rosborough on Mill Street and tore off a large piece of the roof also shattering things considerably on the inside. Rosborough was stunned by the shock and one side of his body is still numb. Mrs. Sayles, a neighbor across the street was stunned by the same shock. On the bay and lake the storm was awful. The steamer North King had to lie in the big bay and many United States passengers on board were scared nearly out of their wits. Several barns were struck and burned in the country nearby, but particulars are not obtainable.

FERNIE IS REBUILDING.

FERNIE, Wednesday—Although it scarcely twenty four hours has elapsed since the destruction of the city the work of reconstruction is already being commenced. Temporary structures are being run up and several of the larger firms are preparing to re-open giving employment to over 150 men and many others were put to work on the construction of dwellings and stores. The search among the ruins continues and the list of dead is being constantly added to. Ferguson's Camp, three miles west of Fernie which had escaped the general destruction is now ablaze and large quantities of lumber is being destroyed. Several residences are in danger and a number of people have moved their belongings to the river for safety.

This week the eyes of all good Old-fellows are directed toward Charlottetown, P. E. I. The Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. is meeting at that place this year and it is expected that the largest attendance in the history of the order will be registered this session. The retiring Grand Master is W. Stetson Rogers, of Halifax. He has been most energetic during the year and the order has made more than the ten per cent gain he asked for at the conference meeting of his term. The Encampment and Rebekahs will be the first branches of the order to meet. The sessions opened at 10 a. m. yesterday, August 11th.

C. P. R. MACHINISTS ARE ON STRIKE.

Some 6,000 Men Refuse to Accept Decision of Arbitration Board.

BOTH SIDES FIRM.

Up to Government to Effect a Settlement Before Great Damage Ensues.

MONTREAL, Wednesday—The strike order affecting the C. P. R. mechanics over the entire system was obeyed here at the Angus shops, where two thousand men laid down their tools and walked out. Everything is quiet. Advice from North Bay and Quebec state that the order was obeyed there.

MONTREAL, Wednesday—Ball Hardy of Calgary president of the Associated Mechanics of the C. P. R. stated officially today that the strike order has been issued this morning and that practically all the men in the Montreal districts were out. 'At McAdam Junction and other sections of New Brunswick the employees are out to a man.' A number of car works men at Angus shops hesitated about obeying the order. The number out is 2200.

WINNIPEG, Thursday—So far the C. P. R. has made no effort to resume operations at the shops here, but it is said they are endeavoring to get men from the South with this purpose in view. Reports from Moose Jaw, Swift Current, Medicine Hat and other points west state that the company tried to keep the shops at these places open but bringing in gangs of Japanese from off the sections, but that their efforts failed because of lack of skilled labor among the Japanese. The strikers confidently expect the train men to come to their aid before long by notifying the company they cannot continue to take out trains which have not been properly inspected.

Reports from all points west show that the strike is being conducted everywhere in the most orderly manner.

MONTREAL, Thursday—The C. P. R. strikers in this city claim that more men are coming out and none going back, and also that some men who promised to work have refused to do so. Things are going along as usual at the Union Station. No sign at the station as yet show that a big railway strike is on.

The blacksmiths employed by the C. P. R. at West Toronto all joined in the strike this morning. There are thirty two of them.

The shops are now practically deserted and the role of strikers number about 600.

VANCOUVER, Thursday—Three hundred and fifty C. P. R. machinists here are out full strength. No detailed reports are available yet from other British Columbia cities.

WINNIPEG, Wednesday—Promptly at 10 o'clock this morning the 900 machinists employed in the C. P. R. shops quit work marking the inauguration of what may prove to be the bitterest industrial war in the history of the country and which must do incalculable damage to every important interest and every prospect of the Canadian west. J. H. McVety, secretary treasurer of the machinists union, who is in charge of the movement here stated this morning that the men were out to stay until their demands were met.

MOOSE JAW, Wednesday—Employees of the C. P. R. shops and round houses walked out at ten o'clock.

MEDICINE HAT, Wednesday—All the employees of the mechanical department of the C. P. R. quit work at ten o'clock today.

TORONTO, Wednesday—450 men in the C. P. R. shops at West Toronto struck at ten o'clock this morning in sympathy with the other strikers in other Canadian cities.

MONTREAL, Wednesday—Fifteen hundred machinists employed in the C. P. R. shops quit work at ten o'clock this morning in sympathy with the movement in the west. The officials of the telegraphers union were in secret conference this afternoon. A general strike order may be issued in sympathy with the machinists strike.

NORTH BAY, Wednesday—Two hundred machinists quit work at ten o'clock this morning. One hundred more are out at Chatham, and reports from other divisional points say that almost without exception all machinists are out.

Dr. Carlton Elliot who was much in the newspapers during the Harry K. Thaw trial, is dead at Sabirgat, N. J. after being run down and dragged 40 feet by an automobile. Dr. Elliot was walking to the suburban station to take a train to New York when the car struck him.

The diocese that Bishop Potter held contains one-tenth of all the Protestant Episcopal communicants in the United States. The church property in Manhattan borough alone is assessed at about \$57,000,000.

Tried To Burn Down The Town

Frank Williams of Moncton Had Fires Started In All Directions.

MONCTON, Wednesday—After leaving a trail of incendiary fires behind him Frank Williams, aged 28 years and believed to be mentally unbalanced was arrested by the police early this morning and is now in the local jail awaiting trial. While making his rounds about one o'clock this morning watchman Gouen of Builders Woodworking Co. saw flames coming from the lumber piles at the west end of the yard. As he approached it a man sprang from behind the lumber pile and fled. An alarm was given and this fire was extinguished with little damage. The man fled towards Humphrey's Mills, and a few hours later a barn owned by Mrs. Joseph Stultz sprang into flames and was burned with all its contents, loss \$400. While the barn was burning fire broke out among a big pile of sleepers piled beside the I. C. R. track to be used for double tracking. Men employed on the work were summoned and the fire was extinguished after destroying two hundred sleepers. The police had been notified of firebugs disastrous work and a patrol was sent from the city, Williams being captured.

LORD ROBERTS ADVISES TRAINING.

All Boys Between 10 and 18 in Military Matters.

OTTAWA, Wednesday—Lord Roberts, this afternoon received the city council and South African veterans at Rideau Hall. To council presented an address. Earl Roberts made a happy speech emphasizing the importance of military training of youths between the age of 10 and 18. He commended Nova Scotia as the first to establish the cadet system in Canada and wound up with a plea for fair play in sports. His Lordship visited the Rocklife ranges afterwards and Lady Allen Grey and Lady Violet Elliott, exhibited their prowess with rifles at the 500 yards range. The officials of the D. R. A. received the party.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RY.

Good progress Is Being Made On Construction In New Brunswick.

St. John, Aug. 5.—Gny R. Ballock, Grand Trunk Pacific contractor who has charge of the construction of the road east of Grand Falls, in the city. Mr. Ballock said that the grading of the road was progressing rapidly and was now completed for several miles below the Tobique, from the Quebec boundary and all the way from Chipman to Moncton. Under his supervision the work east of Grand Falls was finished for 20 miles. He has 1,200 men employed and they have been working three months on the contract. All the difficult cuts were opened and in the near future bridging would be commenced.

BURGULARS IN CHATHAM.

W. L. T. Weldon's Tailor Shop Broken Into and Clothes Stolen.

Thieves broke into W. L. T. Weldon's tailoring shop Thursday night and stole \$150 to \$200 worth of suit lengths and made-up clothes. Mr. Weldon cannot at present estimate the exact amount of his loss. Entry was made through the cellar window and a hatch in the ground floor, seven boards having to be pried off to effect an entrance. The police were in the vicinity but heard no noise. Mr. Weldon has issued a warrant for the arrest of a stranger who was in the store yesterday and whom he suspects of the robbery.

The General Board of Adjustment of the International Brotherhood of Railway Employees which has been in session in Moncton for some days, was concluded Thursday morning and all the delegates returned home. The meetings were held for the purpose of arranging a wage schedule. It will take some time to put everything in shape before presenting the schedule to the management.

After the arrival of the Maritime Express at Campbellton on the 11th, a man named Quinn, a stranger in town, met two friends, also strangers there, and had a social drink with them from a bottle. He says he was given knockout drops and became unconscious. When he came to himself he missed his wallet containing eleven dollars and some notes. He immediately notified Chief of Police Crawford, giving a description of the men. The chief arrested the two men, and had them placed behind the bars. The money and notes were found on them.

"The Least Of These"

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Betty shuddered as the heavy iron gates clanged behind her and she realized that she was actually within the prison yard. It was her first visit to a penitentiary, and though she found it not half so forbidding as she had anticipated, the atmosphere sent a chill through her whole girlish figure.

Instead of rock piles, with convicts monotonously breaking the stones, here were flower bordered walks and lawns of softest green. But for the high walls and the barred windows she might well have imagined herself in a municipal park or on a million dollar estate.

When she reached the office her basket of delicacies was consigned with others brought by loyal friends for the delectation of other convicts, but the keeper looked at her from the tag on her basket to Betty's face.

"No, 11,806 hasn't had a visitor since he came here five weeks ago," commented the man significantly. "Are you a relative?"

"No," said the girl simply. "He was just good to me when I needed help."

"He was good to lots of folks," granted the warden, "but somehow they seem to have forgotten it. He's in the hospital."

The warden made a sign to a trusty, and with fast beating heart Betty followed the man in the direction of the great gray building, in one wing of which was located the hospital.

Moreton, ex-boss of the —th district, was propped up in bed, and at sight of Bessie Wynne he smiled radiantly.

Five weeks he had lain there fighting grimly for the life that he had begun to think was hardly worth the saving, for Moreton had indeed been through the valley of political humiliation.

Less than two years before it had required two husky men to guard the door of his headquarters and keep back the crowd of importunate callers who wanted financial help, influential word or perhaps just the chance to fawn upon the powerful political leader.

Moreton had been the boss of his district, ruling with a rod of iron. He had controlled the machine through sheer force of will power.

His enemies both without and within the party had fought doggedly to break his sway, but the boss had grunted his teeth the harder at each fresh attack and beaten the malcontents into submission.

But there had come an end to his rule, as to almost all one man control. The opposing party had secured the services of a political revivalist. In the interest of good government, they had explained, but the whole city knew that it was a ruse to rid the district of its dominating boss. It meant turning the district over to another clique as bad, but less experienced in municipal villainy.

And the political world had sat back and watched the war with grim smiles. Perhaps, after all, the boss would win again. But in this they were wrong. By a mere quip of fate the wheel spun the other way.

The boss lost, and after loss of power came scandals and lawsuits. The latter took most of the fortune he had gained from the city, much of which he had spent on the care of those who needed it more desperately than the taxpayers from whom he had sliced it so remorselessly. In reality the boss when the blow fell could have counted his fortune only in thousands when his enemies ran it up to tens of thousands.

When he left the civil court room almost penniless he found himself face to face with criminal charges. Stole he had accepted his sentence of five years in the penitentiary. Stole he had accepted his desertion by those who had fawned upon him in prosperity and power. A child of the streets who had started carrying the water bucket for the marching club, he had become a ward heeler, a lieutenant and finally the boss without the aid of family ties or family influence. Stole he had accepted the decision of the hospital staff. He had an incurable disease. He probably would not live out his sentence.

Yet at sight of Betty Wynne's face his stoicism vanished, and after the radiant smile of welcome came a tenderness almost pathetic.

"What are you doing here, child?" he asked as he stroked the hand that clasped his. "Sing Sing's a good way for a girl to come who's only making her eight a week."

The girl laughed, but her voice was shaky.

"Just listen to the man! And I'm getting ten-right in the town. I read in the paper—about your being so lonesome!" The man smiled grimly. So the papers were commenting on the fact that he was a deserted as well as a deposed leader of men. "And I saw the ad. of a lawyer up here who wanted a stenographer and I came and got the place. I like it much better here than in town. And I can come to see you once a week."

Moreton, deposed boss, leaned over and looked into her face.

"You—come—up—here—to be near me?"

The girl nodded her head.

"And I've got the nicest boarding place with a view, and you ought to see her flower beds!"

Just then a physician in white uniform came toward them.

"You can stay only five minutes," he said without waiting for the formality

of an introduction. "I cannot have any patients unduly excited. In a few weeks we shall have him in fine trim. I hope, but we don't want our guests most upset by too much company."

Moreton's lips set in grim lines. The young doctor evidently did not know that this was his first visitor.

"Dr. Lindsay, this is one of my best friends, Miss Betty Wynne, and her coming can't hurt me. Why, say, I feel like a two-year-old right now!"

Nevertheless the young doctor stood near the door, and when the five minutes were up he led Betty from the ward.

"You can come again, as often as the rules permit, but do not stay too long."

The next time he made the rounds Dr. Lindsay found Moreton oddly quiet, his fever reduced, his pulse normal.

"Doctor," he said, with a smile, "that girl's coming did me more good than all your dope. It's good to know that there's one person that hasn't forgot you."

And then the young doctor saw that something more than an organic disease was ailing for the old boss' heart.

"Daughter of an old friend?" he asked casually.

"Not much—just a kid I picked up in a basement; took her from a sad old thing who was beating the life and spirit out of her. I turned her over to the sisters. They did the rest."

Lindsay smiled, but he understood. It was the ex-boss who had paid the sisters for the girl's care and put her through a business school and set her on her feet, saving a girlhood like his own boyhood from the slums and the gutter.

After that Moreton slowly but surely began to mend. There was no curing the disease, but there was every chance to prolong his life for years if he wanted to put up the fight. And every time that Betty Wynne came to the hospital he seemed stronger for the fight.

For a time Dr. Lindsay watched the case with purely professional interest, but gradually this feeling became distinctly personal. He generally met Betty in the reception room of the hospital, lingered near Moreton's bedside during her stay and escorted her to the entrance when she departed.

And, oddly enough, he found many excuses for sitting with Moreton and learning more about "the kid's" plucky fight for education and self support.

Before the first year of his sentence had passed the ex-boss read young Lindsay's secret, and one night after Betty had paid her usual call the two men talked it over.

"Mind you, she ain't anybody. Neither she nor I know where she sprung from. So it's up to you," said Moreton warningly and yet with loving anxiety in every word.

Young Lindsay studied the cracks in the flooring for a few seconds, and then he turned resolutely to his patient.

"She's true blue. There are not many like her, no matter what sort of blood was behind her, and I'm going to take chances if she'll have me. And, what is more, I am going down to see her to-morrow when I'm off duty."

"Is it all right, Betty?" inquired the ex-boss as he stroked her hand tenderly the next time she came. "Is it all right, little girl?"

The girl smiled into his anxious eyes. "Oh, Mr. Moreton, do you think I'm half good enough for him?"

"Mind that, will you?" inquired the invalid, as if addressing an audience; then he drew the girl close. "Let me tell you something, Betty. He wouldn't let me tell you before for fear you'd think you owed him something. He wanted you to love him for himself. See? But Dr. Lindsay's got some of the boys started, and it looks like a pardon, Betty; it certainly does."

She sank on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, that is too good to be true."

"And that ain't all, Betty. I had some shares in a gold mine; thought it was a dead one, but Lindsay he's been looking into it, and mebbe—well, just mebbe I can take you and Lindsay on a wedding trip over to Germany. Lindsay says the springs over there would do wonders for me, and Lindsay needs a change, and—well, Betty, I'd been dead by this time if it hadn't been for your coming."

He looked up to meet the shining eyes of young Dr. Lindsay.

"Say, Lindsay, ain't there something in the good book somewhere about the least of these? I want to find that verse. I'm going to learn it. I certainly am. Ah, there is so much for me to learn and so little time!"

The Bible's Good Use of Words.

The Bible as a standard for the correct use of words has been urged upon readers by Professor Lounsbury of Yale, writing in Harper's Magazine. "Make up your mind," says Professor Lounsbury, "that the Bible is a guide to be followed grammatically as much as it is morally. The language of our version belongs to the sixteenth century. It therefore naturally contains expressions which, though proper at that time, are not in accord with the common usage of our day. When it was originally translated, which was generally the relative pronoun referring to persons. Hence we say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.' More than this, the subtle distinction found in the employment of shall and will had not then become established in the language. But these do not affect the correctness of its procedure in regard to expressions still met with everywhere. In such cases accept its authority without question and conform your practice with it."

He Went.

Mr. Lingerlong—I had a queer adventure this afternoon. Miss de Muir (with a swift glance at the clock)—You mean yesterday afternoon, I presume.

—Exchange.